Teen And Up Audiences

Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

M/M

Voltron: Legendary Defender

Keith/Lance (Voltron)

Keith (Voltron)
Lance (Voltron)

Fluff
only a little unfortunately
Fluff and Humor
English Klance

bench press me

eggboi

Summary:

"The hell are you doing?" Keith grumbles out, body mid-push up. There's a snicker behind him, too close to his ears, though Keith can't really understand what would be so amusing about this. Then again, he's not really sure why Lance is lying on him while he's doing push ups either. Other than to be, of course, annoying.

"Nothing." Lance finally says. Keith hears the grin in his voice, which only proves to irritate him a little more. 'Nothing' his ass. "Continue with what you're doing, Mr. 'I'm-Too-Good-For-Socialization'."

(Lance, as always, tries to annoy Keith by making his exercise harder. It doesn't work. At all.)

Notes:

i can't believe this is my first fic posted here and it's called "bench press me". typical

edit: this rly cool person (y-annah.tumblr.com) drew fanart of this (https://y-annah.tumblr.com/post/146535228424/christ-bench-press-me-i-probably-said-this) im so blessed thank you <3

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) and other works inspired by this one (#children) .)

The fact that Keith somehow manages to so often lose track of time in the training room should probably be a little alarming. Because that *definitely* says something about him.

Not that he actually cares. He's on a spaceship-castle, in space, being hunted by an absurd amount of aliens who somehow *always* manage to find a way to make things worse than they have to be, with an alien space leader who keeps trying to steal their lions. The fact he's almost always in the training room is the least of his problems. And, really, a *good* thing.

It's not like they're gonna kick Zarkon's ass by doing *nothing*.

"202." Keith huffs, sweat dripping off his nose, onto the floor.

He stopped combat training… Well.

"204."

204 push ups ago. So. A while ago. But he's not ready to leave yet.

His body is sweaty and he can feel his clothes sticking to his skin. Which would feel disgusting and, distantly, he thinks he's grateful that he was smart enough to take off his jacket. Because he's pretty sure it'd be way *way* too hot to do this. But he's fine, and he's too far from his goal to actually stop yet.

Keith doesn't hear the slide of the doors opening then. Nor does he hear the footsteps that near him, too distracted by counting each time his body goes down that the only thing his ears register is the footsteps coming towards him.

"You know, if you keep staying in here for this long you're *probably* going to die from exhaustion. Just a thought."

Keith shuts his eyes, biting back a groan and almost *immediately* irritated.

"Like, I don't know if you *know* this, but there are such things as breaks, ya know?" It's Lance, because *of course* it's Lance. "If you die from exhaustion, you're *definitely* not gonna be able to fight Zarkon and all of his 2 million evil alien kids. Wouldn't that be a bummer? Pretty sure that'd be a bummer. Like an *extreme* bummer-"

"*Shut up,* Lance." Keith growls, pausing for a second to glare at Lance. Through the strands of hair dangling over his eyes, he sees the smirk that shapes into a fake scowl on Lance's.

"Hey! I'm just lookin' out for ya, *bro*."

"No, *bro.*" The red paladin replies, this time continuing his exercise. "You're being you. Which is *irritating.* "

"Ouch. Break my heart, then."

Keith rolls his eyes, but decides not to say anything else. He's actually *trying* to focus, and he's not going to let Lance come in here and ruin that.

And no. It's *not* because, somehow, Lance *always* manages to make him forget what he's doing by simply being in the same room as him. That does *not* happen.

Annoying asshole.

Lance seems to take notice of the fact he's not talking anymore, because Keith can hear the huff of annoyance he can't help but smirk at. He's not sure if Lance leaves then, and, frankly, he doesn't *care*, and continues on with what he's doing.

That is until he feels a weight pressing against his back, another against his hair and he grunts, forcing himself to stop when he can distinctly feel two bare feet pressing on his ass. There's a hum of a tune he vaguely thinks he recognizes, but is instantly distracted by the new weight wiggling against him. Keith frowns, bewildered.

Is Lance… Is Lance *lying* on him?

"The hell are you doing?" Keith grumbles out when Lance continues to just *whistle,* and he notes the sound of a page flipping.

Lance is reading a book. While lying on him.

There's a snicker behind him, too close to his ears, though Keith can't really understand what would be so *amusing* about this. Then again, he's not really sure why Lance is lying on him while he's doing *push ups* either. Other than to be, of course, annoying.

Because when is Lance ever *not* annoying.

"Nothing." Lance finally says. Keith hears the grin in his voice, which only proves to irritate him a little more. 'Nothing' his *ass.* "Just continue with what you're doing, Mr. 'I'm-Too-Good-For-Socialization'."

"That… What?"

Lance snickers again.

"*Nothing*. Continue! Or, what, am I too *heavy* for you? Is it too exhausting? Aw, I thought you were *stronger* than this! I'm disappointed in you, Keith. Real disappointed."

Keith narrows his eyes and has half a mind to throw Lance off and on his *ass.* Which he's just about to as well, but he stops, huffing.

Fine. Lance wants him to keep going? Then fine.

Lance barely weighs ten pounds anyway.

"Fine."

Maybe he shocks Lance into silence by his response, because the other doesn't reply. Keith doesn't care. He resumes his push ups in silence until Lance starts to whistle his song in favor of humming it, and they spend the next few minutes like that. Keith wonders if he's feeling smug at the fact he's still going, or if he's irritated at the fact Lance might be getting what he wants. The weight on his back is making it a little harder to move, especially with the head against his hair moving every so often, Lance's shoulder blades digging into the muscles of his back. His body is a lot hotter now, too, and he briefly wonders why Lance isn't bothered by the sweat pressing into his clothes.

Oh well.

Sooner or Later, Keith passes 300, which *was* his goal, but he just keeps going.

Because screw Lance.

He nudges his head against the blue paladin's head then just to annoy him, and he hears the stutter in his whistling. Keith snorts, continues to mumble numbers under his breath when Lance speaks up.

“What’d you just say?”

Keith pauses, a little surprised at the voice even though he shouldn't be, since it's *Lance.* His body is stopped almost completely off the ground, and he feels Lance shift against him.

Keith blinks. “Huh?”

“You… Er. What number are you on?” Lance’s voice is strained, sounding both shocked and a little airy. Keith raises an eyebrow.

“...317, I think? Or 318.”

“*318?!*” Lance’s head knocks against his again with a groan, but nothing too hard that doesn’t result in anything more than a grunt from Keith. There’s more moving, and Keith’s arms are starting to get sore from staying in this position, before he hears a small *“Jesus Christ”* from behind him.

Lord, what’s *wrong* with him?

“Uh, am I missing something here?”

“No! No.” Lance’s voice sounds muffled, which puzzles Keith because *why would he covering his mouth* ? “Just… Continue.”

“Wh… But-”

“Continue!”

“Jesus, *okay*! Fine! *God*.” Keith almost whacks Lance for yelling in his ear, but he doesn’t, only lowers his body down *finally* and continues.

He tries to focus again, muscles sore from staying still for so long, but that isn't his problem. His problem is Lance's squirming, and how hyper-aware he is of every movement made against his back. His body feels hotter now, suddenly noticing how weirdly *nice* Lance’s body feels against him, how his ass moves against him before he quickly ignores that thought altogether because what the *fuck.*

Keith huffs, face burning in a way he blames on the exercise, trying *instead* to think about how there’ll be sweat on Lance’s clothes and how annoyed he’s going to be when he finds it, before he realizes Lance hasn't said anything.

In fact, he’s not even *doing* anything anymore. Not whistling, not talking, not at *all* complaining about Keith’s sweat that is probably on wetting his clothes now. *Nothing.*

Which, normally, Keith would be *happy* about, but now there’s a knot against his rib cage and he feels like he knows why Lance is so quiet.

“Did you die back there?” Keith asks, amused, and raises an eyebrow at the groan he hears in response.

“I… You, I-” Lance groans again at the snort he hears, stammering, “Shut- Shut up! Shut *up,* oh my God. I hate you, *I hate you.* You *suck.*”

Keith frowns, about to snap back at him when Lance blurts out, “Christ, *bench press me* .”

'...What?'

Keith blinks, missing the practically *pained* mutter of *“oh my God, you probably can, you SUCK,* ” and, finally unable to help it anymore, stops. He moves, forcing Lance to slide off of him and onto the ground. Though he’s too close to it that it’s impossible to hurt him, even if the way he falls can only be described as a tumble. Finally, Keith sits up and on his knees, pushing the wet hair that's stuck to his face away and finally looks over at Lance.

Lance, whose eyes a little glassy, eyebrows knit tight together and a dark red blush on his face that stuns Keith for a moment.

Lance, who looks almost *cute* all flustered and looking at Keith like he's caught him naked. He must suddenly remember himself then, because he’s covering his face now and absolutely *refusing* to meet Keith’s eyes.

“You didn’t hear that. You didn’t *hear that*, and I’m fine, dandy, I’m *awesome*-”

“I could.” Keith blurts out, not sure if he actually meant to say it. But he doesn't take it back.

He watches as Lance completely freezes, head lifting slightly off the ground and fingers making a gap to peek at him.

“...What?”

“I could do it.” Keith shrugs, a smirk on his lips. “Bench press you, I mean.”

There’s a pause. Lance stares at him with a blank gaze, unmoving, which only makes Keith laugh as the other paladin’s face promptly darkens several shades, looking *far* too alluring against the tan of his skin. Lance reaches for Keith’s jacket a few feet behind him then and throws it at Keith, which only ends up hitting his thighs and surprisingly, not bother Keith at all.

“Stop it! Stop, stop, I didn’t hear you, I can't believe this *stop*- ”

Keith just keeps laughing, and tries to ignore how cute Lance looks so embarrassed.

(He can’t. But neither can Lance, who’s starting to think the exact same thing about Keith’s laugh, frankly.)

Notes:

this is purely just embarrassing lance im sorry hedjdkfdgj

<3

Works inspired by this one:

- bench press me [Podfic] (https://archiveofourown.org/works/12879705) by old works (BrickGrass) (http://archiveofourown.org/users/BrickGrass/pseuds/old%20works)

Close (#)